70 YEARS OF MARVEL COMICS
1
THE SPECTACULAR
SPIDER-GIRL
MARVEL DIGITAL COMICS
EXCLUSIVE

If it were up to me, I'd sleep till noon most days.
Unfortunately, between going to high school, babysitting my little bro, helping with the household chores and doing my web-thing, that's a luxury I rarely have.
Take today for instance...
I got up especially early to pay a little visit to the New York headquarters of the Order of the Goblin.

WHO IS GWEN REILLY?

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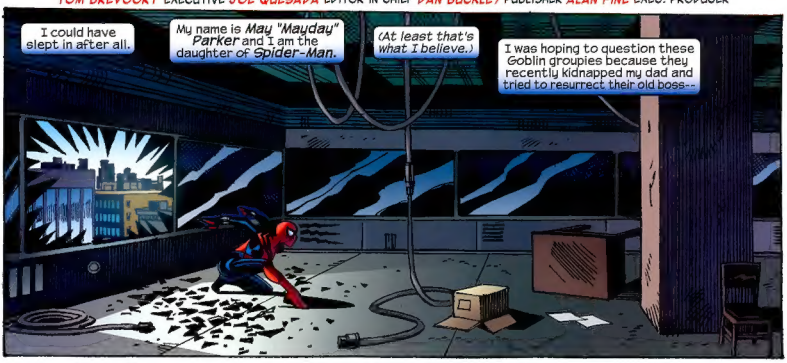

I could have slept in after all.
My name is May "Mayday" Parker and I am the daughter of Spider-Man.
(At least that's what I believe.)
I was hoping to question these Goblin groupies because they recently kidnapped my dad and tried to resurrect their old boss--

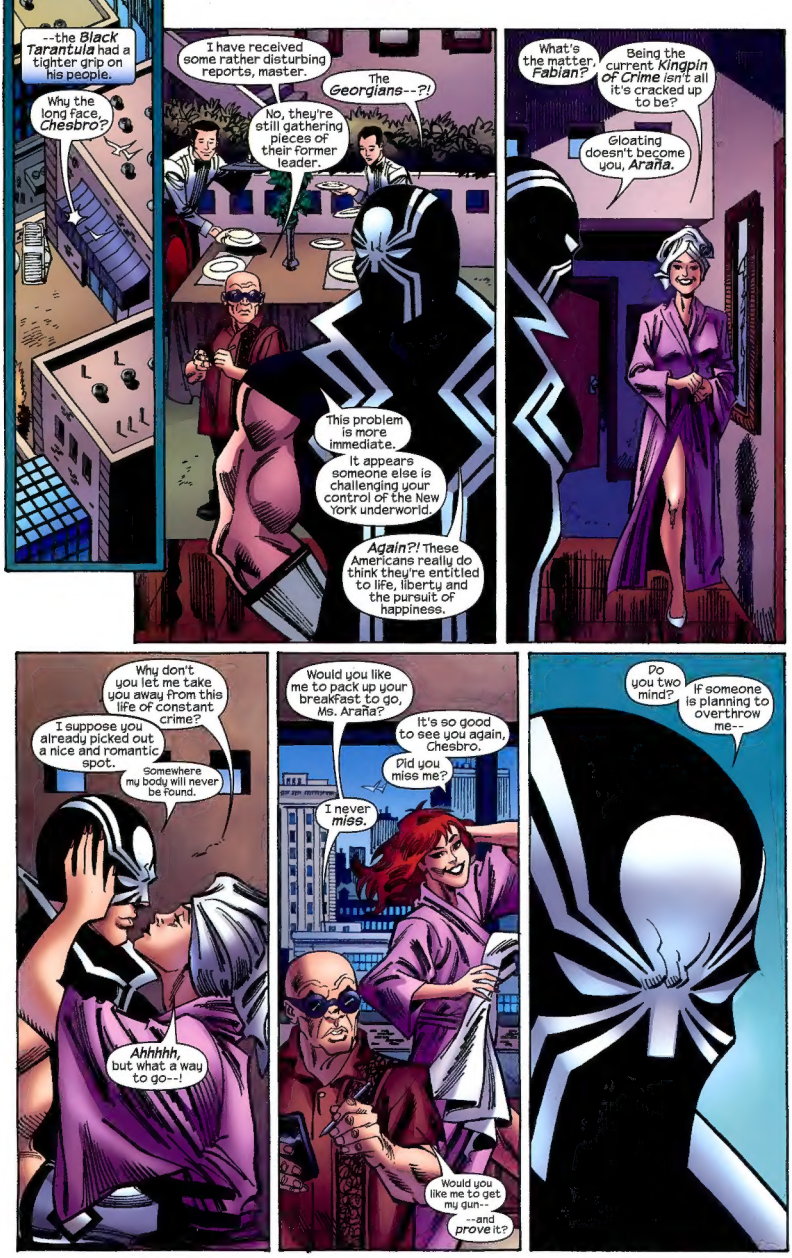
--Norman Osborn, the original Green Goblin!
He was dad's greatest enemy--
--proving it by kidnapping and cloning me shortly after I was born.
(At least I hope I'm not the clone.)
Thanks to a man called Kaine, I was eventually returned to my parents.
Dad soon caught up to Norman and lost his right leg in their final battle--
--which kind of forced him to retire his webs.
So I grew up blissfully unaware of his wall-crawling side--
GO MAGGS!
--until my own spider-powers began to emerge.
I soon decided to carry on dad's legacy--
--although he wasn't too keen on the idea at first.
(And still isn't 100 percent.)
While I was living my life, my clone--
(At least I think she's the clone.)
--had been vegetating in a stasis chamber--

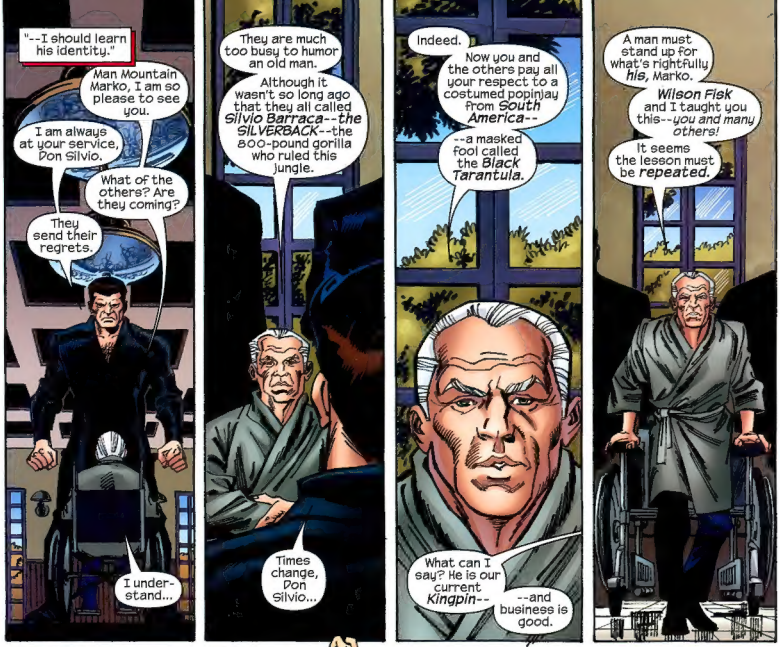
--until very recently.
(Although I sometimes wish she still was!)
'Morning, May! I woke up just as you were slipping out our bedroom window--
--and figured you wouldn't mind if I secretly tagged along.
I knew you were following me.
You can't sneak up on someone with a spider-sense.
What is this place? What are you doing here?
The Order of the Goblin used to base here and-- hey!
You feel that?
The tingling--?
Thought you were the cause.
It's coming from that desk.
Move! NOW!
02
BIP
BIP
BIP
BIP
BIP
MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP
FRRRRROOOOOOSH!

whew!
Efficient lot, those Goblins.
Nothing like a cleansing fireball to erase any trace evidence.
Mind telling me why you came here?
I assumed the two of us were going to be partners from now on.
Did you?
There's an old joke about what happens when you assume.
Save it.
Your jokes aren't as funny as you think.
These guys were part of Norman Osborn's old organization, right?
Yeah and I wanted a private chat--
"--with their not-so-fearless leader."
I have disposed of our former command center--
--and there's no way anyone can connect it back to us.
You have done well, Rene. I have only one cause for concern...
You failed to mention my daughter in your last report.
What has happened to Élan?
Is there something I should know?
BRIDGE EXIT
That was the other reason for my call, Philippe. I regret to inform you that she was injured during a confrontation with Spider-Girl--
--and is currently recuperating in a private sanitarium.

One anonymous tip to the fire department later...
LIAR!
You deliberately ditched me because you still don't trust me.
Not true.
Well...not quite true.
I...errrr... just don't think it's a good idea for two identical-looking Spider-Girls to be seen together.
And that means I should suffer?
Why should I listen to you, anyway?
For all we know, I could be the original May Parker and you might be the clone.
You got me there--
--but I do have a lot more experience in the web game.
Maybe, but I'm more powerful.
Have you forgotten that Osborn transformed me into some kind of human/symbiote hybrid before he died?
I can even change my appearance if it's so important.
What do you think of this look?
Perfect... if your goal is to give our mother a heart attack.
What'd I tell you about your jokes?
Not even close to funny.
I could go in this direction.
That way we could be...like, Spider-Girl RED and Spider-Girl BLUE.
Yeah, let's put a pin in that idea.
What do you think this is, a hoax, a dream or an imaginary--
BUDA!
BUDA!
BUDA!
BUDA!
BUDA!

BUDA! BUDA! BUDA!
Are you guys crazy?
We already hijacked this truck.
APEX
APE
Thanks for saving us the trouble.
Looks like those gangs got their wires crossed.
Come on...errrr... ummm...
You don't know what to call me, do you?
Oh, but I do.
I just don't use that kind of language.
This is fun.
I don't know why you think I'm not ready.
THOK!
WHOMP!
:sigh:
You need to pay more attention to your spider-sense--
--unless you want to get shot in the back.
THWIPP!
Seriously?!
You were going to try to kill me?
Do I look SCARED?!
Whoa! Sheath those claws, little buckaroo!
You can't take things personally.
Besides, we're supposed to be the good guys.
Odd! I always assumed--


--the Black Tarantula had a tighter grip on his people.
Why the long face, Chesbro?
I have received some rather disturbing reports, master.
The Georgians--?!
No, they're still gathering pieces of their former leader.
This problem is more immediate.
It appears someone else is challenging your control of the New York underworld.
Again?! These Americans really do think they're entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.
What's the matter, Fabian?
Being the current Kingpin of Crime isn't all it's cracked up to be?
Gloating doesn't become you, Arania.
Why don't you let me take you away from this life of constant crime?
I suppose you already picked out a nice and romantic spot.
Somewhere my body will never be found.
Ahhhhh, but what a way to go--!
Would you like me to pack up your breakfast to go, Ms. Arania?
It's so good to see you again, Chesbro.
Did you miss me?
I never miss.
Would you like me to get my gun--
--and prove it?
Do you two mind?
If someone is planning to overthrow me--


"--I should learn his identity."
Man Mountain Marko, I am so please to see you.
I am always at your service, Don Silvio.
What of the others? Are they coming?
They send their regrets.
I understand...
They are much too busy to humor an old man.
Although it wasn't so long ago that they all called Silvio Barraca--the SILVERBACK--the 800-pound gorilla who ruled this jungle.
Times change, Don Silvio...
Indeed.
Now you and the others pay all your respect to a costumed popinjay from South America--
--a masked fool called the Black Tarantula.
What can I say? He is our current Kingpin--
--and business is good.
A man must stand up for what's rightfully his, Marko.
Wilson Fisk and I taught you this--you and many others!
It seems the lesson must be repeated.

Don Silvio--!
Y-you're standing--!
QWAM!
That and more, Marko.
Go!
Tell the others that the day of the Black Tarantula is past.
The future belongs to SILVERBACK!

sigh
Too much *melodrama* for one morning.
I haven't even finished my first cup of coffee and you two have already dealt with an *exploding building* and a *gang war*.
Pretty cool, huh?
I...*uhhh*... don't think dad was exactly expressing *approval*.
Really? What was your first clue?
Peter, *please*--! Not when you're feeding Benjamin.
Speaking of which, I need to get ready.
I'm sorry, dad. Checking out the Goblins was my idea. I figured I could get a line on them before school.
What about me?
Do I get to go to school, too?
That's all we need! Two identical May Parkers running around *Midtown High*.
Bad enough we got that here...
Be nice, Peter.
We're going to have to deal with the school issue sooner or later.
We also need a new name for the second May.
The identical thing won't be a problem, either.
That's right!
With your hybrid powers, you can easily change your face.
I happen to *like* my face.
Thank you very much.
Okay!
Okay!
It was just a suggestion.

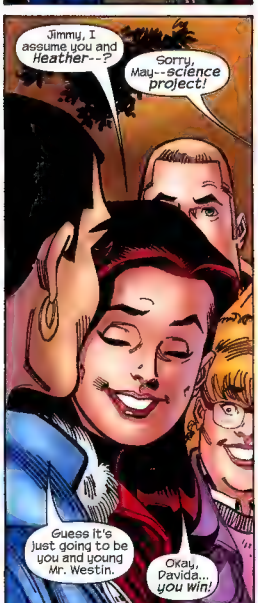
Spit Happens
=ahem=
As I was saying., I can easily adjust my appearance--
--so that May and I can still look similar--
--but distinctive.
That's certainly an option.
You'll also need a last name.
We could call you Parker or, my preference, Reilly--which was the maiden name of Peter's Aunt May.
Y-you're actually going along with this, Mary Jane?
Why not? We need to come up with a cover story for May.
Okay, I know when I'm outvoted.
We'll convene a family meeting when everyone gets home tonight.
You know, I liked him better when he was under Osborn's control.
At least he treated me like his real daughter.
Hoo-Boy! I really pushed for us to take the other May into our family.
Did I make a mistake?
Do I really want her to join me--

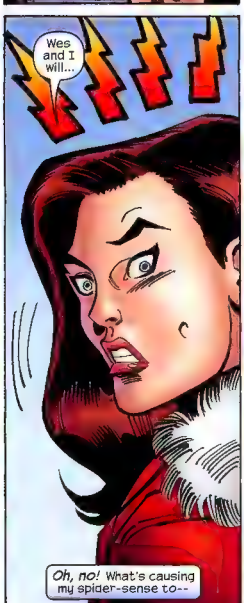
--at Midtown High?!
MIDTOWN HIGH SCHOOL
Glad you're finally back, Mayday.
Your mother said you were out with some kind of flu for the last few days.
Yeah, clone flu.
Not very common.
I just wasn't feeling like myself, Davida.
You're better now. That's what counts. Right, Moose?
Whatever ya say, Courtney.
Jimmy and I got you a get-well card, but brain boy forgot to mail it.
Can I help it if you distract me, Heather?
Oh, look! The All-Losers Squad--!
Don't pay attention to them, Simone! They're just jealous.
That's right, Thompson! We all wish we could be as reptilian as you.
Seeing your ex reminds me, Mayday--
--you ready to climb back aboard the dating express?
Absolutely, just as soon as I find the right guy.
I'm glad you said that, May.
We've all been discussing your situation and believe we have a solution.
Dare I ask?
Wes!
WES!
You got a minute?
Uhhh...
Sure, Davida.

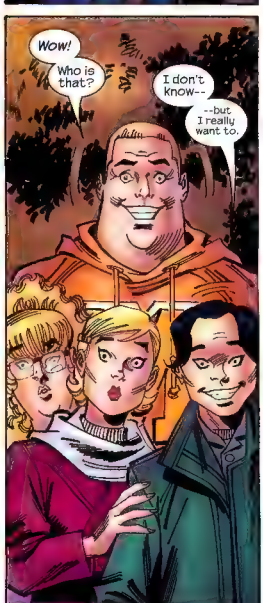
The whole gang's hitting *Café Indigo* tonight to celebrate Mayday's return.
You in?
Sounds like fun.

I'll catch everybody there.
Glad to have you back, Parker.
You're looking good.
Thank you.

This will be so-- *Oh, no!*
Moose, I forgot that you and I are supposed to have dinner with your uncle and his family tonight.
We *are*?
You remember... *don't you*?
Uhhhh... whatever you say, Courtney.
What was I thinking?
I also have a thing.
Of *course*, you do.


Jimmy, I assume you and *Heather*--?
Sorry, May--*science project!*
Guess it's just going to be you and young Mr. Westin.
Okay, Davida... *you win!*


Wes and I will...
Oh, no! What's causing my spider-sense to--


Wow!
Who is that?
I don't know--
--but I really want to.

Miss Parker, I've been having a delightful conversation with your cousin.
She just informed me that she'll be staying with you for the foreseeable future and intends to enroll in Midtown.
Hi, every body.
I'm April Parker.
You mustn't blame May for not mentioning me, Mr. Slattery. It's an old family rivalry--
--because April always comes before May.
But we're so past that now--right, cuz?
I don't ever remember hearing about a cousin named April.
How long is she staying?
What's the dirt, May?
Where's she from?
I thought your father was an only child.
Ummm...
Errr...
?errg?
What's happening here, May?
Hi, Mom! I was just introducing the gang to cousin April.
Cousin April--?!
Yes, I arrived early, Auntie M...and remembered that you worked at May's school.
I figured I'd stop in and surprise you both.
You know me.
I'm beginning to...
Come with me and I'll fill out the necessary paperwork to get you admitted to classes.
RINNGGGG!

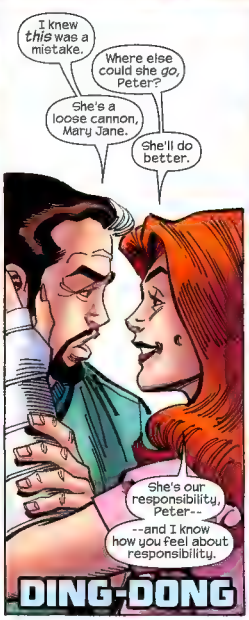
RINNGGGG!
Nice to meet everyone!
Hope we can all get together later.
Yeah, that'll be-- Heather?
Something wrong, Heather?
I don't believe it.
She just swooped in and changed everything--
without any regard for anyone but herself.
I know this is all new to her.
The poor girl grew up in a test tube, for gosh sakes.
But she's got to learn patience--
--and to curb her darker impulses.
Or she could mean disaster to the Parker family.
Why can't she come to the phone?
I was told that Elan regained consciousness hours ago.
That's the problem, sir...
Sale!
She didn't like the accommodations.
ARGGGGGH!

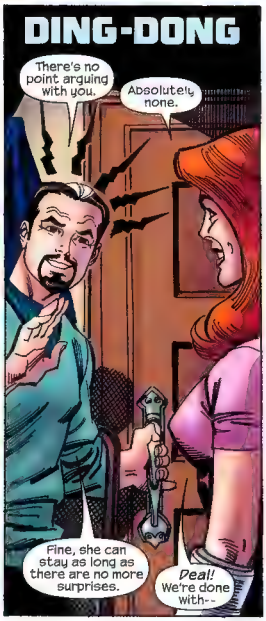
Please calm down.
There's no need to shout

Oh, but there IS!
You're a member of a family, young lady.
My name's April now.
It's still mud as far as I'm concerned.
We all agreed to discuss your name and school status tonight.
You agreed.
No one asked my opinion.

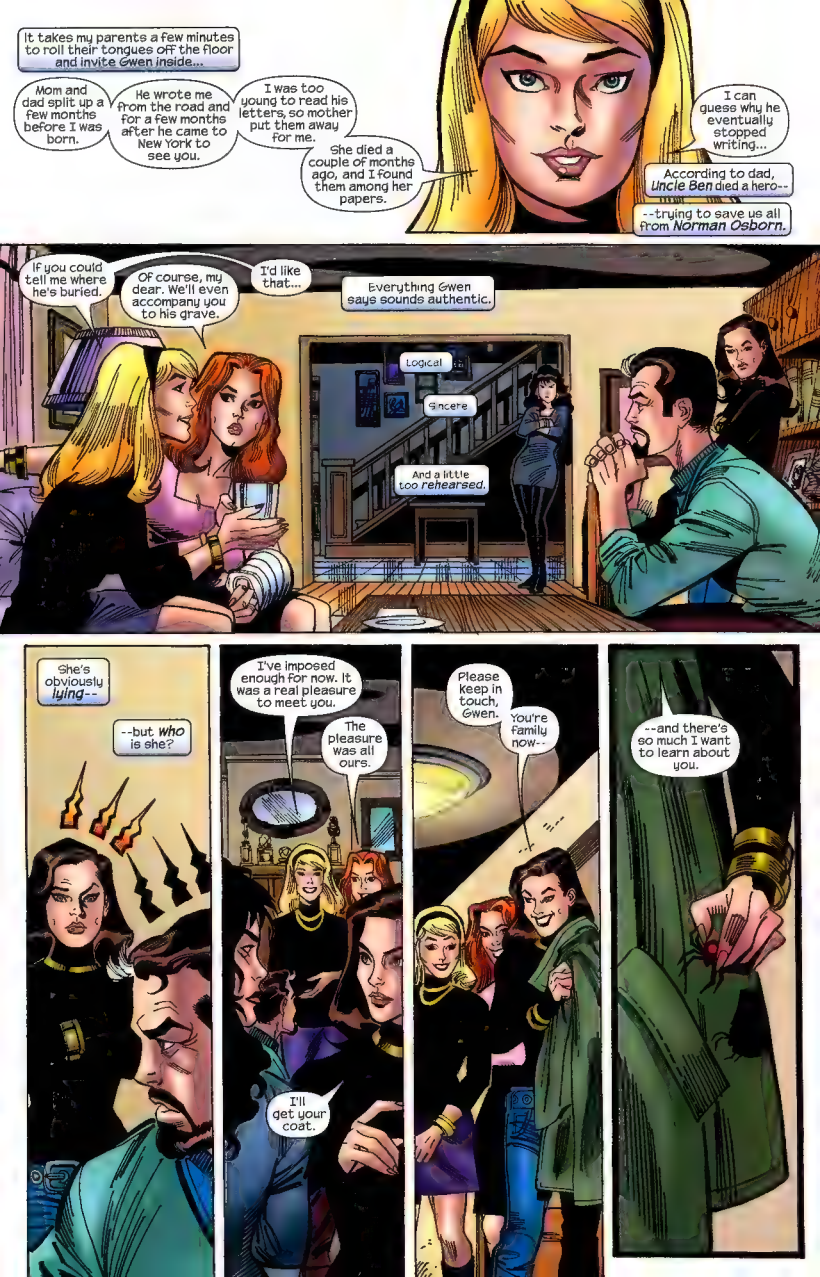
Whatever! Mary Jane and May defended you. They convinced me to let you stay here.
You owe them a big apology.
Well--?
What do you have to say for yourself?
Should I call you Uncle Pete from now on...or just Peter?

Hotshot, I need a few words with your father.
Could you and April please give us the room?
Already on it, mom!
Why is everyone so uptight?


I knew this was a mistake.
Where else could she go, Peter?
She's a loose cannon, Mary Jane.
She'll do better.
She's our responsibility, Peter--
--and I know how you feel about responsibility.
DING-DONG


DING-DONG
There's no point arguing with you.
Absolutely, none.
Fine, she can stay as long as there are no more surprises.
Deal! We're done with--

"--surprises?!"
Is this the Parker residence?
I'm looking for the Peter Parker who was related to Ben Reilly.
Ben was my father.
I am GWEN REILLY.
WELCOME
Dad has often told me that he and Uncle Ben were closer than brothers.
I never knew he had a kid.
Based on their expressions--
--neither did mom or dad.


It takes my parents a few minutes to roll their tongues off the floor and invite Gwen inside...
Mom and dad split up a few months before I was born.
He wrote me from the road and for a few months after he came to New York to see you.
I was too young to read his letters, so mother put them away for me.
She died a couple of months ago, and I found them among her papers.
I can guess why he eventually stopped writing...
According to dad, Uncle Ben died a hero--
--trying to save us all from Norman Osborn.
If you could tell me where he's buried.
Of course, my dear. We'll even accompany you to his grave.
I'd like that...
Everything Gwen says sounds authentic.
Logical
Sincere
And a little too rehearsed.
She's obviously lying--
--but who is she?
I've imposed enough for now. It was a real pleasure to meet you.
The pleasure was all ours.
I'll get your coat.
Please keep in touch, Gwen.
You're family now--
--and there's so much I want to learn about you.

You've all been so kind.
It's easy to understand why my father loved you.

What do you think, Peter?
Is there any chance she's who she claims to be?
I doubt it. Ben would have mentioned a daughter--especially if he was writing her!
It can't be a coincidence that someone brings up Ben Reilly shortly after a clone's moved in with us.
Hey!
You're going to feel very foolish when I finally prove I'm the original.

Whatever! This really isn't about you... uhhh...
April!
Do you need me to spell it?
That won't be necessary, April.

I need to run that girl's prints and find out who she is.
May, why don't you and April--

W-Where'd they go?
Not so much fun when it happens to you, is it?
Sigh
I can guess--

"--where they went!"
What's that gizmo?
Keeps track of the spider-tracer I planted on Gwen.
Wish April had stayed home.
Not very likely.
Ever again!
Ohmigosh! I just remembered--!
I was supposed to meet Wes at Café Indigo and--
BDAM!
BDAM!
BUDA!
BUDA!
Oh, boy! Sounds like another gunfight.
Want me to handle it?
Uhhhh...
No.

You focus on Gwen.
We need to learn *where* she goes and *who* she meets.
Who put you in charge?
You're not the boss of me.
Just *do* it, April--
--and *try* to not to *maim* anyone while you're at it!
BUDA!
BUDA!
BUDA!
BDAM!
BDAM!
BDAM!
BDAM!
Nice night for a gang war, boys?
Mind if I cut in?
April's right.
I *reallllllllly* got to work on my jokes.
THWIPP!
THWIPP!

I do my friendly neighborhood web-thing and a few minutes later...
Thanks for the exercise, boys.
Regular aerobics keeps a girl healthy, trim and taut in all the right places.
April and Gwen couldn't have gotten too far.
I wonder if I should call Wes.
What can I say?
Sorry I had to ditch you, but someone masquerading as my uncle's kid showed up tonight and I don't trust my clone to--
AAAEEEEEE--
Oh, no!
NO!

APRIL--!
What have you done?
TO BE CONTINUED!